It is ſuppoſed the faire creature died,
And here is come to do ſome villainous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be purſued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee,
Obey and go with me, for thou muſt die.
Rom. I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth tempt not a deſprate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon theſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee youth,
Put not an other ſin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, ô be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my ſelfe,
For I come hither armde againſt my ſelfe:
Stay not, begone, liue, and hereafter ſay,
A mad mans mercie bid thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy commiration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee boy.
O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
Par. O I am ſlaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
Rom. In faith I will, let me peruſe this face,
Mercutios kinſman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* ſhould haue married *Iuliet*,
Said he not ſo? or did I dreame it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was ſo? O giue me thy hand,
One writ with me in ſowre misfortunes booke,
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue, O no. A Lanthorne ſlaughtred youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her bewtie makes
This Vault a feaſting preſence full of light.

Death

Death lie thou there by a dead man i
How oft when men are at the point
Haue they bene merie? which their k
A lightning before death? Oh how m
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my
Death that hath ſuckt the honey of t
Hath had no power yet vpon thy be
Thou art not conquerd, bewties enſi
Is crymſon in thy lips and in thy che
And deaths pale flag is not aduance
Tybalt lyeſt thou there in thy bloudi
O what more fauour can I do to thee
Then with that hand that cut thy y
To ſunder his that was thine enemi
Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare *Iulie*
Why art thou yet ſo faire? I will be
Shall I beleeue that vnſubſtantiall
And that the leane abhorred monſt
Thee here in darke to be his parram
For feare of that I ſtill will ſtaie wit
And neuer from this pallat of dym
Depart againe, come lye thou in my
Heer's to thy health, where ere thou
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a
Depart againe, here, here, will I ren
With wormes that are thy Chamb
Will I ſet vp my euerlaſting reſt:
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpiciou
From this world wearied fleſh, eye
Armes take your laſt embrace: A
The doores of breath, ſeale with a
A dateleſſe bargaine to ingroſſing
Come bitter conduct, come vnſau
Thou deſperate Pilot, now at onc
The daſhing Rocks, thy ſeaſick w
Heeres to my Loue. O true Appo
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with